

# The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 8.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

NUMBER 38

[From the Darlington Southerner.]

## TRACING A SLANDER.

BY MISS E. B. CHEESBOROUGH.

"I thought it my duty to come and tell you."

"I think, Miss Bond, that your ideas of duty are somewhat perverted. Excuse me for saying so. I have noticed that you only feel it your duty to tell people of unpleasant things you hear about them, but you never repeat anything pleasant. If it is your duty to repeat the unpleasant, it must also be your duty to repeat the pleasant."

"Oh, I am sure that I meant it for your good. I think that you ought to be much obliged to me," said Miss Bond's sharp face colored violently.

"I am not obliged to you, Miss Bond, any more than I would be obliged to some one for throwing mud in my face to knock off a speck resting there. Both cases might be the result of a mistaken sense of duty; but they would certainly call for no gratitude on my part."

"Well, I think it my duty to tell people when I hear others speaking against them."

"And I think it my duty not to tell people disagreeable things I hear about them, unless it is to result in good. I have never found that kind-hearted people take upon themselves the duty you have—the duty to wound and worry. I have always found that such people are at heart malicious, gossipy, spiteful, and in the long run, a curse to the community. There is generally some envious or jealous feeling such disclosures. There is a sign to prejudice and so separate acquaintances."

Miss Elwell spoke sharply, for she thought it time to give Miss Bond a lesson. Under the false cloak of friendship, Miss Bond had been stabbing long enough. She was sailing about in a piratical craft, from the head of which she had thrown out a flag, emblazoned with the word 'Duty.'

"If that's the way you take my kindness, I am sorry that I ever came near you," said Miss Bond, assuming an injured air.

"Kindness!" exclaimed Miss Elwell, "really, Miss Bond, your conceptions of kindness and duty are most remarkable. Let us examine into this great act of kindness that you have done me. You come here and tell me vile slander which you say was told to you about me—the horrible story being that I get intoxicated privately. This thing, you say, is whispered about the village. Now, where is the kindness in telling me this? If I do this deed privately, I do it without witnesses; how can I prove publicly that I do not drink privately, unless people are willing to take my word for it? I could give them no positive proof; I could only say I do not. Now, what good can come of telling me this slander?"

"Why, you ought to know it."

"I do not see why; it does me no good to know that people are slandering me."

"Well, I am sorry that I told you."

"I am sorry that you did."

"Of course I told it to you as a profound secret. On no account, now mind, breathe it. Mrs. Stark would be furious if she knew I had told you. If I was you I would not visit her, or have anything to do with her; she is a dangerous woman, and you had better keep clear of her. I thought it my duty to tell you the report and warn you of Mrs. Stark."

"And who will warn me against you? You are as dangerous as Mrs. Stark. The person who disseminates a slander is as bad, even worse, than the one who creates it; for if there was no one to spread it it would die with the originator. You have, doubtless, told this slander to all of your friends, who, in turn, tell it to theirs. Women like you, Miss Bond, are the curse of society. I cannot find words strong enough to say from my soul how I despise and abhor them. How much more Christian it would be in you to look up in the chest of silence the slanders, and rumors, and hard sayings that you hear about your fellow creatures. Under that smiling mask of friendship, so rosy, so agreeable, you hide the scowling face, the malignant leer of a demon, an enemy. You always invoke the god of friendship before you stab; and immolate your victim on the altar of duty. But those loud sounding names, musical as they are, will not hush the discord of your real intentions. All the martial music of the battle-field does not close our ears to the groans of the dying and the shrieks of the wounded. I now tear the flimsy, but brightly spangled dress, from your pretensions, and show them as they really are, not friendly, but malicious, not kindly, but murderous. What you call friendship, I call malice; what you call duty, I call enmity. I never take the trouble to trace a slander to its source; but, in this instance, I intend to do so. You got it from Mrs. Stark, therefore, to Mrs. Stark I intend to go."

"Oh, dear no!" exclaimed Miss Bond in alarm.

"Such is my fixed intention. Every slander struck on the head, is some-

thing done in the cause of truth. Now, if possible, I am going to strike this slander on the head; so the slanderers had better get their ambulances ready. I have an engagement at twelve o'clock; it is now that hour. Good morning! Miss Bond. Before we part let me tell you an anecdote. Some theological students who had been slandered, went to their teacher, who was a clergyman, and repeated the slanders about themselves. 'I knew all this before,' he said. 'Why then?' said one, 'did you not inform us?' 'Because,' was the reply, 'I prefer that the devil should carry his own mail and bear its expenses.' Please remember, Miss Bond, that when you go about disseminating slander, you are carrying the devil's mail."

Absolutely thunderstruck at such plain language, Miss Bond could make no reply; but got up, pulled her veil over her face, and made a speedy exit from Miss Elwell's house.

When Miss Elwell had got through her engagement, she retired to the house of Mrs. Stark. The lady sat sewing in her dining room.

"I am so glad to see you, my dear child," she said, "I was feeling so full; I wanted some one to talk to. Have you heard the last piece of news?"

"I have," replied Miss Elwell gravely; "I understand that you say I am in the habit of getting privately intoxicated."

"Merely!" ejaculated Mrs. Stark. "Why, my dear child, I was once thinking of such a thing. I only wanted to know if you had heard that it is said that old Mr. Dawson is thinking of marrying Miss Sumners."

"I was thinking of it, Mrs. Stark, and that is why I am here. I received an early visit from Miss Bond, evidently paid for the express purpose of informing me that you brought this disagreeable allegation against me. As I have nothing especially to do to-day, I intend to trace this slander to its source, and I begin with you. Miss Bond told me; you told Miss Bond; now who told you?"

Slanders are generally cowardly, and when fearlessly attacked, seldom stand up bravely to their words. Mrs. Stark grew pale, and she did not breathe a word.

"Oh, that Miss Bond should be a terrible mischief maker! What did you think of Mr. West's scandalous story? I hear that he is—"

"Please return to the subject, Mrs. Stark," interrupted Miss Elwell. "What is it that I get intoxicated privately?"

"Well, Miss Mooney mentioned she had heard it; but she told it to me in confidence, and I told it to Miss Bond in confidence, and she took an oath that she would not breathe it; and to think of her telling you!"

"Slanders, Mrs. Stark, have very little regard for their oaths. If you could not keep what you heard in confidence, why should you suppose that Miss Bond could, even though she did swear by all her gods not to reveal the communication. Now I am going to Miss Mooney."

"Oh! miss Elwell, pray don't! Miss Mooney made me promise not to tell; she will be exceedingly angry."

"I don't care if she is," replied Miss Elwell; "when I am tracing up a slander I do not take these things into consideration."

"But she'll come here and attack me."

"Well, I suppose that you can defend yourself."

"She'll think that I am not to be trusted."

"And she'll think right. Good morning!"

Miss Mooney was busy with her "books," as she called them, when Miss Elwell was ushered into her parlor.

"My child," she said, putting on one finger to her, "I am behind over ears in work. This is the first of the month and I have been engaged all morning in looking over my books. I find that I have collected one dollar more this month for the orphans of Jerusalem than I did last month; but I have collected two dollars less for the poor old widows of the soldiers of Napoleon this first, than I did last month. This is very discouraging. But then, I have collected more on all my other charities this month than I did the last. Do you know, but please don't breathe it, I would not injure the woman for the world, I am certain that Mrs. Stark dresses her girl in the clothing she collects for the poor. I sent her a bundle to distribute in her ward, and I am certain that I saw her daughter Myra with one of the dresses on. Now, don't you breathe it; but I hear that the Rev. Mr. Tompkins drinks all the wine at his table that is sent him for the sick poor. I tell you this in strict confidence."

"To how many people did you tell it in strict confidence, Miss Mooney, that I got privately intoxicated?" asked Miss Elwell.

Miss Mooney raised both of her fat hands, and exclaimed:

"I never said any such thing! I deny it positively!"

"Then you accuse Mrs. Stark of falsehood; she says that you told it to her in confidence, she told it to Miss Bond."

and Miss Bond thought it her 'duty' to tell it to me."

"I have a faint remembrance of something being said by Mrs. Dalton about it; I really don't remember, my thoughts are so taken up with my charities and church matters."

"Then I'll speak to Mrs. Dalton."

"Merely, no, don't! What is the use?"

"In tracing up this slander it is necessary that I should see all parties. Good morning! Miss Mooney, I'll leave you to the contemplation of your many charities," and Miss Elwell bowed and departed.

"Oh, horror!" sighed Miss Mooney; "Mrs. Dalton will be coming here and making a frightful fuss, for she told me in confidence."

Mrs. Dalton was at home, she was glad to see Miss Elwell.

"I am here simply to ask you, Mrs. Dalton," said Miss Elwell, "who you got your information from, that I get intoxicated privately?"

Miss Dalton was dumb.

"I hope that you did not originate so dreadful a report, Mrs. Dalton, so vile a slander."

"To tell you the truth, Miss Elwell, I heard it from my husband!"

"Your husband?"

"He told me in confidence that you bought the liquor in his store. But please don't mention it to him; he told me in confidence and I told Miss Mooney in confidence."

"Ah! then I must see your husband."

"Pray don't, Miss Elwell; he'll be very angry with me, please don't!"

Exposition was vain; now that she had got thus far, she was not going to turn back. To the store of Mr. Dalton Miss Elwell proceeded. She found him alone.

"Mr. Dalton," she said, "was coming to the point at once, it is possible that you originated a report that I get intoxicated privately?"

Mr. Dalton looked shocked.

"My dear lady, I never said about such a report; I have never heard such a terrible slander."

"Miss Bond told it to me, and she heard it from Mrs. Stark, and Mrs. Stark heard it from Miss Mooney, and Miss Mooney heard it from Mrs. Dalton, and Mrs. Dalton says that she heard it from you."

"Let me think, what have I ever said to lead to such a slander. I remember this little circumstance. I mentioned to my wife that you had been in the store and purchased a bottle of rum. She wondered what you wanted with rum. I laughingly said, 'to drink of course.' She replied that if you drank it must be done very privately. I replied, 'yes very privately.'"

"Now, see what a great matter a little fire kindleth; and this was all."

"No, I laughingly said to my wife, 'I tell you in strict confidence.'"

"Yes, she said that you told her in confidence, and she told Miss Mooney in confidence, in fact every lady told it in confidence."

"Secrets are generally told in confidence, you know. Let us walk up to the house and see my wife about this matter."

Together they walked to the house; Mrs. Dalton had gone, the servant said to see Miss Mooney. They proceeded to Miss Mooney's third lady had gone to Mrs. Stark's. Mrs. Stark's house was visited, but she had gone to Miss Bond's. There the four ladies were found in Miss Bond's parlor disputing in a most frightful manner, and each accusing the other of a violation of confidence. They grew suddenly silent when Mr. Dalton and his companion appeared, although their red faces and agitated manner showed the fierce words battle they had been in. Then Mr. Dalton explained how the slander had originated, and the ladies hung their heads in evident shame. "We certainly owe Miss Elwell an ample apology," he concluded, "and I for one most humbly beg her pardon. I never dreamed that my little joke would be turned into so serious a matter as this."

"We are all very sorry," echoed the ladies, smoothing their ruffled looks.

"I accept your apologies," replied Miss Elwell, and now let me make a little speech. The rum I purchased was for the purpose of making some bitters for old Mrs. Blair, who is too poor to purchase the tonic she needs. Thus has my good deeds been the occasion of much evil speaking. In this matter two things strike me forcibly, one of which is, that it is not safe to entrust secrets, even in confidence, to women; another, that we are very swift to believe the ill we hear of each other and still swifter to disseminate it. I hope that to days lesson, ladies will be of some service to you. I have killed this slander, but if I had not, this slander might have killed me. Good morning!"

An Irishman found a government blanket recently, and rolling it up put it under his arm and walked off, saying: "Yis, that's moine—U for Patrick, and S for McArt; be my soul, but this learnin's a loin thing, as my father would say; for if I hadn't any education I wouldn't have been after findin no blanket."

## The Nominations for the State Board of Equalization.

The paramount issue of good government before the people has more particular reference to the property of the citizen. The burden the government falls upon the property and the amount of taxation, and the disposition of the tax after collection, and, above all, the regulation of the rate of assessment, are the great questions with which the republican party has to deal in the redemption of this State. The legislature levies the rate of taxation on a certain basis of assessment. The assessment is fixed in this way; the taxpayer makes his return to the county auditor; the auditor accepts or increases the return. If an increase is made, then the taxpayer appeals to the county board of equalization, and if that board decide against him, then he has fifteen days to make good his return, and then he carries his case before the State board of equalization, which makes the final decree. As at present constituted the county board is appointed by the judge of the circuit, and his Honor T. J. Mackay, has, we believe, the credit of originating this change in the law. But it is clear that the 'court of last resort' in this matter is the State board of equalization under the recent statute and hold office for four years. The State convention failed to make the nominations, and the State executive committee have nominated the following gentlemen, who, if elected, with the governor, State treasurer and comptroller-general, will compose the board. The committee will place upon the regular State ticket the following names:

For the first district—B. D. Townsend, Darlington.

For the second district—W. B. Smith, Charleston.

For the third district—W. D. Mars, Abbeville.

For the fourth district—G. W. Melton, Chester.

For the fifth district—S. J. Lee, Aiken.

If this ticket is elected, and it most certainly will be, then there will be four conservative men representing the tax paying citizens of the opposition.

These gentlemen of the conservative party will thus control the assessment of property all over the State. The tax unions would be *defunctus officio*, with their turbulent occupation, gone. The nomination, therefore, of these democratic gentlemen is an evidence of confidence by the regular republican organization, and an evidence, under the growing shadow of the tax union organization, not often witnessed in political affairs. Wessy this because, although the republicans of the State are generally acquiring property and becoming taxpayers, still the large body of the taxpayers are of the opposition, and in returning their property can settle the basis of assessment upon their own valuation.

What may be regarded as a valuation is fixed by the constitutional and state law. Section 36 of article 1 says: "All property subject to taxation shall be taxed in proportion to its value."

Section 1 of article 9 says that "the general assembly shall provide by law for a uniform and equal rate of assessment and taxation, and shall prescribe such regulations as shall secure a just valuation for taxation."

What, then, is to be regarded as the just valuation of property? We are not left in the dark as to what the law regards as a just valuation of property. During the last session of the legislature an assessment act was passed consolidating all other acts relating to that subject, and in section 59 says that the true value of any property shall be held to be the usual selling price of similar property at the place where the return is to be made, and if there be no usual selling price, then at what is honestly believed could be obtained for the same at a fair sale at the place aforesaid."

Section 61 of this act provides that none but intelligent tax paying citizens shall be put upon the board. Now all that the taxpayer is expected to do in making his return to the auditor under oath is to assess his property at what he honestly believes to be its usual selling price at a fair sale. If the auditor disagrees with him, then the final appeal lies to the State board; and for that board the regular republican party have nominated four conservatives out of the five to be elected. In the midst of an excited campaign, when the opposition is doing his best to draw the lines as close as possible, this is liberal, wise and generous.

The judges of the different circuits have invariably appointed leading conservative tax payers upon the county boards of equalization, and now, with the election of the leading conservative tax payers nominated by the republican executive committee, it may be truthfully said that in regard to the assessment of property, the whole matter is in the hand of the conservatives.

The bolters are offering nothing, and in view of their certain defeat, what they might offer amounts to nothing; whereas in this vital matter of the assessment of property, the regular organ-

ization offers the right hand of fellowship to the opposition.

This is certainly an earnest of the pledge that the election of Chamberlain and Gleaves means reform and good government.—Union Herald.

## An Educated Bear.

The *Episcopal Register* has a letter from Centre Harbor, N. H., in which the writer tells the following:

One amusing story of this region, and I will have done. Some years ago a young bear was caught by a stout lad near the borders of Lake Winnepesaukee, and carried into the neighboring village, where he was tamed, and grew to be the play-fellow of the school-boys. After some months spent in civilized society, he suddenly disappeared in the woods, and after several years he was forgotten.

One winter's day, while a new school-mistress was teaching, the small boys and girls how to spell and knit, an enormous bear walked into the school-house and took a seat by the fire in the most familiar manner. Both teacher and children fled to the farthest corner of the room, each striving to escape the horror of being eaten first.

Meanwhile the bear sat studying, and warming himself by the fire, showing signs of genuine satisfaction, and deferring his meal until he had thoroughly warmed himself. The children screamed but without embarrassing him. Standing upon his hind legs he began to take down, one by one, the hats, bonnets and satchels that hung on the pegs by the wall. His memory did not fail him, for the satchels contained, as of old, the children's dinner, and he had arrived before recess.

Having made a comfortable meal he went to the mistress's desk, but found it locked. Giving a shake of resignation, he passed out by the door and disappeared. The village was then alarmed and the bear pursued and shot, much to the regret of the people when they discovered by some marks upon his body that he was their old friend and play fellow.

The Sulphuric Acid Cure for Diphtheria.

The Hamilton Spectator. (South Australia) publishes the details of the 'cure' for diphtheria. The disease is declared by Mr. Greathall to be of hyalid growth, and that the germs of it floating about in certain impure atmospheres were inhaled by human beings. For a grown person, four drops of sulphuric acid diluted in three quarts of a tumbler of water, with a smaller dose for children. The effect of this treatment was said to be instantaneous; the acid at once destroying the parasites and the patient coughing up the obstruction. The papers have been with accounts of sufferers who had recovered in a few minutes by adopting the 'Greathall' treatment. Children, almost previously in a dying state, were declared to be playing almost within ten minutes; and at a moderate computation some forty or fifty of these sudden recoveries have been placed on record with full particulars.

## Bitten by a Rattlesnake.

The Horry News says that a colored lad who leads about his blind father, while on his way from here from home was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake. The snake was near three feet long. It was killed by Jim Perking, who after killing the snake, coiled the boy's leg tightly. The boy then walked one mile to the residence of Mr. Isaac G. Long. When he got there his foot was badly swollen. Mr. Long gave him about a gill of whiskey with five grains of Dover's powders and applied to the bite a poultice of fresh beat onions. This was all that was done, and the boy was out and about the next day as usual; no complaint, only a little sore.

## Coming Back.

Our exposures of the spirit and design of Judge Green and his democratic allies are opening the eyes of all the honest republicans who have been led astray. N. B. Myers made an excellent speech at Edgefield on Thursday, in which he repudiated any further connection with that fraudulent attempt upon the lives and liberties of the republicans. He found it run in the interests of democratic money, and only a white league ku klux possum.

"Three trays and an ace!" said one of the oldest inhabitants, as he stepped up to the stamp window at the post office, and laid down a ten-cent piece of currency. The clerk at the window "didn't see it" until he had looked over his copy of "Hoyle." Then he dealt out three cent and a one-cent stamp. The oldest inhabitant passed silently out.

## A Careful Girl.

A blooming country damsel, dressed in the height of fashion, came tripping along in company with her beau, and while crossing a street, turned suddenly around to look at a passing object, just as the tip of her shoe rested on the curb stone of the gutter. As she threw the weight of her body on the insufficient foothold, her toe slipped, and plunged into the dirt went her little foot, an appalling over her stockings and garments went the mud. Her gallant speedily helped her on to the sidewalk, where she presented a pitiable appearance, and then endeavored to free her from her sudden acquisition of soil with his handkerchief.

"It's no use, Charley," sobbed the rural beauty, "it won't come clean; and—and—my st. sto stockings are ruined."

"Never mind the stockings, consoling I responded her swain; 'I can buy you a new pair.'"

"Buy me a new pair; where would I put them on?"

"Why, we can go to a hotel for that matter," replied Charley.

"Never!" almost screamed the girl; "I'd sooner jump into the river than go to a hotel with a man that I'm not married to!"

Charley seemed conscience stricken as the enormity of his proposition flashed upon his mind, and when last we saw the pair they were in quest of a clean pair of hose and a proper place to put them on.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

JUDGE BRYAN'S ORDER.—We know of no law which prevents any citizen, whatever may be his official position, from making himself ridiculous in the estimation of intelligent people.

We suppose that the United States district judge for the district of South Carolina was aware of this fact when he issued the remarkable order to the "commissioners of election" which appeared in the *News and Courier* of this morning.

Can the learned judge inform us by what authority he issued an order, and by what legal process he procures a force to execute it?

As we are earnestly anxious that the commissioners of election will designate the polling precincts in each county in time for every citizen to know where he can vote, we see no reason why they should pay any attention to the order issued by the United States district judge. Their duties are defined by law.—Charleston Chronicle.

A KANSAS ADVERTISEMENT.—The following, clipped from the *Atchison Champion*, shows what kind of women they have in Kansas:

Lost, strayed or stolen: An individual whom I, in an urgent moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, not knowing enough, however, to come in when it rains unless some good-looking girl offers him the shelter of her umbrella. Answers to the name of Jim. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arm around her waist, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow and bring him carefully back so that I can chastise him for running away, will be invited to stay to tea.

KATE E. SMITH.

A London girl, who advertised recently for a husband, requested her host of correspondents to be present in the pit at the Drury Lane Theatre, on the following evening, dressed in a blue coat, white pantaloons, and scarlet coat, and immediately on the conclusion of the first act to stand upon the benches, flourish a white handkerchief in one hand, and apply a glass to the right eye with the other. When the curtain fell, fifty men, from giddy youth to giddy old age, stood up in the prescribed uniform, and began the eye glass and handkerchief performance, amid convulsions of laughter from a large portion of the spectators, who were in the secret.

How It Is.—A patron of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher: "Mr. Printer, how is it you have never called on me for pay for your paper?"

"Oh," said the man of type, "we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed," replied the patron, "how do you manage to get along when they don't pay?"

"Why," said the editor, "after a certain time we conclude that he is not a gentleman, and we ask him." "Oh—ah—yes—I see," Mr. Editor, please give me a receipt," and hands him a V. "Make my name all right on your books."

A wedding was celebrated in the German Catholic church at Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, and all apparently went merry until the bridal party reached the door of the church, when all at once the bride took to her heels and started off down street with bridal veil, orange blossoms and white drapery generally flapping in the morning wind. The groom was struck dumb at this unexpected denouement, and stood gazing after his ungracious partner.